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ENGLISH COINAGE.

THE Britons, in Caesar's time, according to one reading of a disputed passage in that author's *Commentaries*, coined brass and gold, and also made use of iron rings as a substitute for coin. The latter part of the statement most probably means that metallic rings, designed as personal ornaments, served for money as well. British coins have been found, which we may safely conclude to be of an earlier date than the Roman invasion. Specimens of them occur in gold, silver, and brass; they are usually concave and convex. In many cases, the obverse of these coins bears upon it the rude figure of a horse's head; the reverse having an impress which bears some faint resemblance to the wheel of a chariot. They conform to neither the Gaulish nor the Roman type; and it seems most probable that they are rude copies of the Macedonian coinage, issued by King Philip, imitations of which, of a greater or less degree of excellence, were in early times current in several European countries. The execution of these coins grew gradually worse and worse—a not unnatural result, considering that, in all probability, the coins themselves from which the first copies were taken were somewhat defaced, while the workmen were wholly ignorant of the meaning of the impressions, and had no interest in endeavouring to ascertain it.

Under the Roman rule, the workmanship improved, and the coins of Cunobelin, or Cymbeline, are fine and well executed. Specimens of them in gold, silver, and copper have been found near Colchester (the ancient Camulodunum), where they were probably struck. In course of time, the British was superseded by the Roman money. The Anglo-Saxon governments coined silver, brass, and copper; but whether or not they used gold in their mints, is a disputed point. The Saxons had the penny (so called, perhaps, from the Saxon word *pen*, a head), the halfpenny and farthing, and a copper coin called *styca*, the same in value as one which is called in Doomsday-book *minuta*, whence is derived our word mite. Its value is given

incidentally in the Saxon gospel of St Mark, where the two mites which make one farthing are called *stycas*. 'During the reigns of the Anglo-Norman kings, silver became the sole material of coinage, until gold was again introduced into the mint by Henry III.' During the same period, moreover, no coin was struck of lower value than the penny; and in consequence of this, very serious inconvenience was occasioned to the poorer sort of people through the want of small change. They appear to have taken the remedy into their own hands by breaking up the pence so as to serve for halfpence and farthings. The coinage was so much damaged by this, that at length Henry III. thought it expedient to issue a writ commanding that no halfpenny or farthing should be current 'unless it be round.' The expression here made use of is vague, and has been variously interpreted, but it most likely refers to the practice of breaking up the coins. Yet there is a passage in Stow which seems to indicate that in his time such a practice was allowed, and even encouraged, by the government. He says that the penny was wont to have a double cross with a crest, 'in such sort that the same might be broken easily in the midst, or into four quarters.' It must be admitted, however, that it is a strange proceeding on the part of a government to issue coins, and at the same time to grant permission that they should be speedily destroyed. Out of the practice here alluded to doubtless grew the custom of espoused lovers dividing a piece of money, and each keeping a half of it, as a pledge of unshaken constancy:

The half of silver broken,
Twixt youths and maids a true-love token.

It was ordained by Henry III. that the penny should weigh thirty-two grains of wheat, taken from the middle of the ear. Mints were opened by Richard I. at Poitou and Bordeaux, but no English coins of his reign have ever been discovered. 'In the time of Richard I.' says Camden, 'money coined by the Easterlings of Germany began to be in request in England for the puritie thereof, and afterwards, some of that countrie, skillfull in mint

matters, were sent for into this realm to bring the coin to perfection, which, since that time, was called of them Sterling, for Easterling.' King John coined some halfpence in Ireland, but no English coin. These halfpence were stamped on the reverse with a triangle, which is supposed to be intended to represent the Irish harp. When Edward I. came to the throne, the coin of the realm had become so much clipped and otherwise reduced as to be worth less than half its legal value. The debasement of the money had occurred during the latter years of Henry's reign, when he had been constantly engaged in conflict with his rebellious barons. Base money, too, had been imported in great quantities from abroad. Edward issued a commission to inquire into the state of the currency, and to punish all who should be found guilty of having clipped or counterfeited the coin. As a matter of course, the unfortunate Jews were pitched upon as being the worst offenders. It is probable that their wealth was their gravest crime. Their property was forfeited, and it does not appear that they were allowed any form of trial. At the same time, one Guy, a prior, was convicted of clipping, and was fined sixty marks. In most of the preceding reigns, as well as in that of Edward, coining, clipping, and other offences against the currency had been of very frequent occurrence. In the time of Stephen, every baron assumed the right of coining money, and set up a mint in his castle, from which a great deal of light and corrupt money was issued. In the year 1125, no less than ninety-four persons were convicted of corrupting the coin, and underwent the extreme sentence of the law, namely, to lose the eyes and the right hand, and to suffer banishment. Stow, referring to the time of John, writes: 'The money was so sore clipped, that there was no remedie but to have it renewed.'

In 1250, Henry III. despoiled the Jews ruthlessly, even seizing all the wealth which they had stored in their treasury. But, as the chronicler quaintly remarks, 'though the king could make them wretched, he could not make them poor, for they were counterfeiters of the money and of seals.' Interest on money was at that time above the rate of forty per cent.; and a story is told of more than five hundred Jews being slain by the London citizens, for trying to exact more than twopence as a week's interest for twenty shillings; which sum of twopence, Stow informs us, the king allowed them to take of the scholars of Oxford. Judging from this account, the Oxford scholars of the thirteenth century would appear to have been extravagant fellows. Proclamation was made in 1290, the eighteenth year of Edward I.'s reign, prohibiting coining and the like offences under very severe penalties. In the same year the Jews were banished from England. The reasons assigned for this cruel edict were, that they were infidels, usurers, and forgers. Part of their property was confiscated, and notice was given to them that they might carry the rest away with them. Some of the richest availed themselves of this indulgence, and loaded a ship with a large treasure. Near the mouth of the Thames, the captain cast anchor, and as the tide was down, the vessel rested on the sand. The captain induced the Jews to go with him on the sand, and by-and-by, when he perceived that the tide was rising, he stole back unobserved to the ship, and climbed on

board by a rope. When the Jews saw the danger they were in, they called to him to aid them, but he bade them call on Moses to aid them, and so left them to their fate. The tale is told by the chronicler without a syllable of reprobation.

Very soon after this, an edict was issued commanding that any one who found clipped money, or coins other than those of England, Scotland, or Ireland, should bore it through. The importation of foreign money was also strictly forbidden. 'Crocards, pollards, black-money,' and other base coins were decreed by proclamation. At Dover, a money-table was set up under the care of two commissioners appointed by the king. Every traveller or merchant intending to go out of the country was obliged to present himself at this table, and have his money inspected, to secure his taking away no more than was required for his current expenses. All persons, too, that should come from abroad, bringing with them foreign money, were required to change it at the table for money current in England. Three or four years before his death, Edward I. issued a large coinage of pence, halfpence, and farthings; but the pence must have greatly outnumbered the other coins, for complaints soon arose of the scarcity of small money. The coins of this issue were stamped with a cross, and with a pile or arrow-head. This is the origin of the old expression, 'Cross or pile,' which is equivalent to the more modern 'Heads or tails.' Quibbles upon this use of the word 'cross' are very frequent among the older writers. Shakspeare abounds with them. Touchstone, for example, says to Celia: 'I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.' It has been thought that the groat first made its appearance in English coinage during this reign; this, however, appears to be a mistake. Twice during the reign of Henry III., directions were issued for coining groats, which were ordered to be made with a cross fully as large as the groat, 'to avoyd clypping.' The name is simply a corruption of the French word *gros*. Sometimes the groat is referred to under the name of the great penny. The establishment of the Dover exchange-tables was maintained by Edward III., who also forbade any pilgrim, on pain of a year's imprisonment, to pass out of the kingdom, except by way of Dover. By another ordinance of this reign, every person shipping wool over the sea was required to give previous security to bring back, on his first return, silver plate of the value of two marks for each sack of wool. The plate was to be taken to the king's exchange, to be there paid for at its proper value.

Gold money, the coinage of which had been neglected for nearly ninety years, was again struck in the year 1343. Different reasons have been assigned for this long disuse of gold. The most probable one is that given by Mr Ruding, namely, that the lower price of the necessities of life brought them within reach of the inferior metal. The new money was issued under the name of nobles, and was impressed with the novel type of a ship. This was probably in commemoration of a naval victory which the English, with trifling loss to themselves, had recently gained over the French. The extreme beauty of the new coinage gave rise to the wildest rumours as to the metal of which it was composed. A popular theory on

the subject was that Raymond Lully had made it by alchemy in the Tower of London. As one evidence among others against this view, it is pretty certain that Lully died several years before the king began to coin gold. In the year 1393, there was again a great scarcity of halfpence and farthings. A petition, very curiously worded, was presented upon the subject to the king, Richard II. The petition set forth that the poor were badly supplied with small coins; and so, when a poor man will buy victuals and other wares, for which he ought to receive a halfpenny in change, he many times did spoil his penny—*il perdra son denier*. The expression is a singular one. It may mean either, that he would suffer loss by getting no change, or that he would break the coin in two to form halfpence. The Commons also represented to the king that when many worthy persons would give alms, they could not do so, owing to the scarcity of small coin, to the loss and damage of poor beggars. This reminds one rather of the saying of the Yankee: 'Be generous: what else are three-cent pieces made for?'

During the reigns of Henry IV. and his two successors, a new coin made its appearance in England, and obtained an extensive circulation. This money was known by the name of Abbey-pieces, or Rosaries, the latter term being a corruption of the words Ave Maria, which was their ordinary legend. They were of foreign make, generally of brass or mixed metal, and were stamped with a cross and other symbols. They came into general use as small money, but doubtless their original purpose was to serve as tokens for pilgrims, in passing from one religious house to another. An interesting paper by Mr C. R. Smith on the subject of Pilgrims' Tokens is to be found among the journals of the Brit. Arch. Association. It appears from this account, that the tokens, which consisted frequently of leaden or pewter plates or brooches, were purchased by the pilgrims at the shrines, and worn upon the hat or cloak. Like the names of mountain-peaks and passes engraved upon the Alpenstock of the modern tourist, these tokens served to gratify the bearer's vanity, by shewing the extent of his travels, while they had the additional effect of proving that he had really been to the places which he professed to have visited.

Not unlike the Abbey-pieces, in so far as they were applied to religious purposes, is the coin known as Beggars' money, which is still in use in many parts of the Levant. Mr Hyde Clarke of Smyrna, writing on the subject in 1866, gives the following account of it. Beggars' money consists of very small brass counters, which are imported from Nuremberg into the East by the hardware dealers in the bazaars. These sell them principally to bakers, who supply them when required to their benevolent customers, who bestow them on the Greek beggars, receiving their prayers in return. The established day for begging, or rather for receiving alms and bestowing prayers, is Saturday; on which day, if the beggar is not at once admitted, he has the privilege of knocking at the door or window of his patron, until one of these tokens is thrown out to him. As the value of one of these counters is only one-eightieth of a piastre, the amount received at each house was, until lately, about one-fifteenth of a farthing; so that the mode of relief amounted to an effectual

"labour-test." Of late, owing to alterations in the currency, the value of the token has fallen, and the beggars are said to be actually "striking" for an advance. In the coinage of 1465, some new nobles were struck by command of Edward IV., and received the name of rials or royals. The term was borrowed from the French, who applied it to their coins, from the fact that they bore upon them the figure of the king in his royal robes. The new nobles were stamped on one side with a sun. This was the badge of Edward IV., and to it Gloucester no doubt alludes in the well-known lines:

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York.

The circumstances which induced Edward to assume this cognisance, are not without historical interest. The story goes that just before the battle of Mortimer's Cross, three suns were seen to blaze in the heavens, and then to join into one. Edward gained the day; and in remembrance of the auspicious portent, he from that time took a sun for his impress. At the battle of Barnet, this circumstance did him 'yeoman's service.' There was a dense fog, which caused Warwick's cognisance, a star streaming with rays, to be mistaken for the sun of Edward. This caused some of Henry's soldiers to turn upon each other; whereupon, the Earl of Oxford, fearing some treachery, led his forces from the field. In this reign, the angel was first coined. It was of the same value as the noble, but was distinguished from it by being stamped with the figure of an angel. In the ceremony of 'touching for the evil,' this was the coin which was given to the patient to be worn as a sacred amulet. To the use of such an amulet in the earliest times there is a reference in *Macbeth*. There, in speaking of Edward the Confessor, Malcolm is made to say:

How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a holy stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers.

The reign of Henry VII. is remarkable for the introduction of the profile impress upon the coinage. Since the time of the first Edward, the heads upon the money had all been full-faced; Henry introduced the 'half-faced groat' of which Faulconbridge speaks in *King John*, and other coins of the same style. The immense wealth accumulated by Henry VII. was soon squandered by the prodigality of his son and successor, who, in order to refill his treasury, had recourse to the shameful expedient of debasing the coin. The old money was called in, and reissued with a very considerable addition of alloy. Death by burning was the punishment appointed at this period for clipping the coin. 'This yeare in Februarie,' says the chronicler, 'shoulde a woman have been brente in Smithfield for clipping of gold, but the kynges pardon came, she being at the stake, redy to be brente.' The old-fashioned triangle upon the Irish money was at this period superseded by the harp. A French coin, called a testoon, had been issued by Louis XII., which Henry VIII. imitated, and called by the same name. These testoons were regarded by the people with great disfavour. In spite of this, however, others were

struck by Edward VI. at the very beginning of his reign. These were as unpopular as those of his father had been; and Heywood, in his Epigrams, makes many a sarcastic reference to their baseness and discoloured appearance; such are the two following:

Testons be gone to Oxforde, God be their speede,
To studie in Brasen nose, there to proceede.
These testons looke redde, how like you the same?
'Tis a token of grace; they blushe for shame.

Next year, however, the testoons were called in, for it was discovered that they were very easily counterfeited. Shillings were afterwards issued, of finer metal, but of very small weight. These also failed to suit the popular taste. Bishop Latimer, in a sermon preached before the king, took occasion to enter a protest against them. 'We have now a pretty little shillyng; indeed, a very pretty one. I have but one I thynke in my purse, and the last day I had put it away almost for an old grote, and so I trust some will take them. The finesse of the silver I cannot see, but therein is printed a fine sentence—that is: *Timor domini fons vite.*' Latimer's sermon gave great offence, and he was charged with disloyalty, an accusation which, in a subsequent sermon, he repels in the following quaint and characteristic terms: 'Thus they burdened me ever with sedition. And wot ye what? I chaunced in my last sermon to speake a mery word of the new shillyng (to refreshe my audiorie), how I was like to have put away my new shillyng for an old grote. I was herein noted to speake seditiously. Yet I can comfort myself in one thing, that I am not alone, and that I have a fellow—a companion of sedition; and wot ye who is my fellow? Essay, the prophet. I spake but of a little preaty shillyng, but he speaketh to Hierusalem after another sort, and was so bold as to meddle with their coine. Thou covetous city of Hierusalem, *argentum tuum verum est in scoriis*—thy silver is turned into what? Into testions? *Scoriam*—into dross. Ah, seditious wretch! What had he to do with the Minte?'

The want of small money began in the reign of Elizabeth to be severely felt. The coins which had been struck in the reigns immediately preceding had been for the most part shillings; groats and pence having been issued to only a very limited amount. The queen applied herself seriously to remedy the evil. It was ordered that no more shillings should be coined, but there should be an issue without delay of groats, pence, and three-farthing pieces. These were all executed in fine silver, and, with the exception of the pence, had a full-blown rose placed behind the head of the queen. This distinction between the impress of the penny and that of the three-farthing piece explains the passage in Shakspeare's play of *King John*. Faulconbridge, jeering at the meagre, puny face of his brother, declares that he would rather give every foot of land he had, than to have

My face so thin
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say: 'Look, where three-farthings goes.'

The Irish coins, which during the three preceding reigns had become sadly debased, were melted down and renewed. Part of the metal for the new coins was derived from the base money that had been current, all of which was called in, and

melted in the Tower at a special mint. It is related that many of the workmen who were employed in melting it fell sick unto death of the savour, and that they were recommended to cure themselves by drinking out of a dead man's skull. Upon this, permission was obtained to remove the heads from London Bridge, and to convert them into cups, out of which they drank. Some, it is said, obtained relief by these means; but for the most part they died. Their sickness may have arisen from inhaling the fumes of arsenic used in liquefying the base metal. The new coinage was struck with the hammer, according to the old process; but at some time during this reign the mill and screw were introduced into this country. They were brought over by a Frenchman, who was placed in charge of the works at the Mint; but after a while, he was convicted of coining, and was executed. Certain lead tokens, which Erasmus had spoken of as being current in England almost a century before, seem to have been still in circulation at the time. Now also great complaints were made of the general use of private tokens, stamped by tradesmen, such as vintners, tavern-keepers, and others, for the use of their own customers. The abuse was said to arise from the want of halfpence and farthings. It was thought that these coins, were they to be made of silver, would be liable to be lost from their minuteness. It was therefore urged upon the queen that she should have small money struck either from base silver or copper; but the queen would listen to no proposal for an utterance of debased coin. Though this suggestion came to nothing, the queen was afterwards induced to grant a patent to the city of Bristol for the issue of tokens. They were of copper, and were current in Bristol itself, and for a circuit of ten miles, for the purchase of small wares.

A special proclamation, prohibiting the use of private tokens, was issued in 1613 by James I. At the same time, a patent was granted to John Lord Harrington, Baron of Exeter, to make a competent number of copper farthings, to be circulated through England, Ireland, and Wales. From the name of the patentee, Harrington soon came to be used as the slang equivalent for farthing. 'I will not bate a Harrington of the summe,' says a character in one of Ben Jonson's comedies. By Charles I., the proclamation and patents of his father were renewed; and the patentees, with the view of promoting the circulation of the tokens, covenanted to pay tokens to the value of twenty-one shillings in return for twenty shillings sterling. Severe edicts were passed, forbidding any person to counterfeit the patent tokens, under pain of the pillory, loss of ears, and whipping; but these edicts had little or no effect. Counterfeit farthings were made in great numbers, and obtained a general circulation by being sold at a much lower rate than those which were issued from the patent mints. Fraudulent persons bought them in large quantities, and paid them as wages to their workmen, thus realising a considerable profit. It was then enacted that no greater sum than twopence should be paid in farthings at any one time. The type of the patent tokens was changed, and copper farthings with a brass centre were struck, as being more difficult to counterfeit, and also to distinguish them from the base tokens already in circulation. At this period, a red cross placed upon a house-door was a sign of

the plague, or 'the sickness,' as it was usually termed, having seized upon the inmates. The eruptions produced by the sickness, from their supposed resemblance to the newly coined farthings, soon came to be known as tokens. The Earl of Arundel, who was at this time patentee, being despatched on an embassy, caused the Mint-house to be locked up; whereupon some wag put a red cross upon the door, and wrote over it: 'Lord, have mercy upon us, for this house is full of tokens.' This Mint was situated in Lothbury, and the spot where it stood still bears the name of Tokenhouse Yard.

Taking advantage of the distractions of the Civil War, tavern-keepers, grocers, and tradesmen in general, again began to issue private tokens. These were of brass, and were stamped with various devices, besides bearing the name and calling of the person by whom they were issued. Some bore upon them the king's head, others the superscription of the Commonwealth, according to the bent of their owners' politics. Some appealed to the generosity of the public in the meek entreaty: 'Though I'm but brass, yet let me pass.' Others were made the medium for profane attempts at wit, as the token of a provincial tallow-chandler, which bore the legend: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my profits no harm.'

Of these tokens, Evelyn remarks: 'The tokens which every tavern and tipping-house (in the days of late anarchy among us) presumed to stamp and utter, though seldom reaching farther than the next street or two, may happily in after-times come to exercise and busie the learned critic what they should signify.'

A short notice of the celebrated farthings of Queen Anne may serve to close the present hasty sketch. The popular belief upon this subject is fairly entitled to be enrolled among Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*. The commonly received belief with regard to these farthings is, that three impressions were struck, and that then the die flew to pieces. Further, it is very generally supposed that two only of the three coins are to be found in our collections, and that the third, if it could be discovered, would be of enormous value. The fact of the matter is, that not only are there numerous specimens at the British Museum, but that others may be bought of any dealer. Notwithstanding this, offers of the missing farthing have constantly been received at the British Museum, at modest prices varying from three hundred to a thousand pounds. One man communicated on the subject with the Lords of the Treasury, and was much disgusted that no notice was taken of his application. It is said that even royalty itself has been addressed upon the matter. At the Dublin Quarter Sessions, in 1814, a man was actually put upon his trial for the alleged unlawful detention of the invaluable farthing. The facts of the case were as follow: The plaintiff, John Millar, was a confectioner in Dublin. George Hone, the defendant in the case, was plaintiff's journeyman, and lodged in his house. On one occasion Hone came into the parlour, where some halfpence were lying on the table, and among them the farthing claimed by the plaintiff. Hone took it up from the table, and exclaimed that it was a Queen Anne's farthing. Thereupon, Millar took it from him, and locked it up. Some weeks afterwards, Hone borrowed

the farthing, on the pretext that he wished to shew it to a friend who was a good judge of coins; but he subsequently refused to return it, unless Millar entered into a bond to pay him seven hundred pounds, half of the supposed value of the coin. The defendant was convicted, and sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve calendar months. In passing sentence upon him, the recorder concluded with the following words: 'You are sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve calendar months; and unless you give up the farthing, not a day of that time will be remitted you.' The money of Queen Anne's reign is distinguished for the beauty of its design and workmanship. 'Of the coins of the succeeding monarchs,' says Mr Akerman, 'it will be scarcely necessary to speak, except to notice their utter insignificance both in design and execution: the same stiff, formal, and inelegant figure of Britannia appears on the copper; while the reverses of the gold and silver provoke a smile, and almost tempt us to exclaim, with the gentle Pinkerton, that a nation which could retain such a device has not yet emerged from barbarism.' The florins coined during the present reign may, however, deservedly claim exemption from this sweeping censure.

ALFRED DELIGNE'S VINDICATION.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

KATE KESTIVEN returned home some seven or eight weeks later, quite convalescent. The only permanent effect the fever seemed to have had upon her was that muslin dresses became her even more perfectly than before. Newly regained health beautifies most women, and its delicate bloom made Kate exquisitely charming. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier picture than she presented seated at a side-table in her mamma's freshly redecorated drawing-room, trifling with some card-work, on the afternoon we are now to speak of. Others were present. Mrs Kesteven, a diminutive but animated lady, much past middle age, somewhat primly occupied an easy-chair near the hearth; Ellen Kesteven, Kate's sister, who had not had the advantage of an illness to freshen her charms—the fever having passed her by—was seated at the piano; and there was yet another person—fortunate young Mr Tuffnel, whose conduct had so well contrasted with poor Alfred Deligne's fright, by visiting at the house in the first stage of Kate's illness. He had a gentlemanly bearing, and was dressed with great neatness. It was understood that he had formally proposed for Kate's hand, and had been accepted. His present very precise manners confirmed it. He was evidently in that first hypocritical period of wooing, when a young gentleman thinks it necessary to court the whole family, and in order to produce the right impression, is rather more attentive—in public—to the prospective mother-in-law and prospective sisters-in-law than he is to the very lady of his choice. Carefully poised upon an ottoman, he was most assiduously listening to Mrs Kesteven's common-places, as if he had never before heard such oracles of wisdom. A knock came upon the door; it opened, and a female servant entered, holding by the hand an elegantly dressed little girl.

'Please, ma'am, this is the young lady who called last week, before you had come back home, and would not say what her name was.'

'No; because that did not matter. I did not wish my coming to be talked of,' was quickly replied. 'Will you please to leave the room if I can do now.' Placing her hands prettily in front of her, the little speaker courtesied to those before her.

'Why, it is Cissy!' said Kate, rising from her chair, and hastening to her.

'Yes, and, if you please, I must not kiss you yet. I have come to say, that you have not been kind to my cousin Alfred. He is very fond of you, and would die for you, only he is frightened at nasty diseases. But he says he will break himself of it. He is not afraid of anything else. He drove off a big black dog in the street, that barked at me.'

A very artificial kind of laugh rang forth from Mr Charles Tuffnel. He checked Cissy, and also snapped the spell which had seized upon the rest. Kate's cheeks flushed crimson, and then turned very pale, as she looked to the young gentleman, who, in great embarrassment, was rising from the ottoman. Mrs Kesteven had instinctively put up her silver eye-glasses, and also raised one hand to her ear; evidently she could not credit her senses—neither sight nor hearing. Miss Ellen Kesteven, as the one least directly concerned, shewed most presence of mind. Leaving the piano, and stooping to put her arms about Cissy, she, with the most gentle maliciousness, said: 'So, your cousin Alfred has sent you to plead for him? And he will break himself off this fright about diseases? Don't be afraid, Cissy. Go on, dear.'

'But that gentleman laughed. It is not polite to laugh. Does he wish to marry Miss Kate?' She had been surveying him from head to foot most critically since his interruption. 'If he could not hear me,' she half-whispered, turning towards Ellen, 'I would say something of him. But aunty says, if people are rude, I must not be so.'

'I beg your pardon, Cissy, for laughing; but'—with louder voice, and increasingly embarrassed boldness, went on Mr Tuffnel—'you must tell your cousin that he must find another lady now, if he pleases.'

'Surely your cousin has not sent you here?' almost gasped Mrs Kesteven, power of speech only just then returning to her.

'No, ma'am. But I know Alfred is unhappy, and I thought I would come. I hope you will not scold me, ma'am. I will go straight to aunty, when I get back, and she will scold me.' The large eyes began to flush with tears.

'Don't cry, Cissy,' resumed Miss Ellen, tenderly using her own handkerchief to the wet eyelashes. 'If Mr Alfred Deligne were as brave as his little cousin, he'—

But her mamma stopped her. 'Of course your aunt does not know you are come? I shall ring the bell for Mary, to take you home instantly. You might have been run over in the streets.' Mrs Kesteven snatched at the bell-pull, and then, drawing Cissy to her, began, with most judicious bustle, to rearrange her hat and jacket, both of which were already in perfect order. Cissy gently drew back.

'But I wish to say'—

'No, you must not talk.'

'But I came to talk;' and the great blue eyes put

on the most pitiful, imploring, and disappointed look. 'I heard aunt say to uncle, it was of no use explaining it, and that she could not come to you. But I love Alfred, and I have come.' It was not in human hearts to stop her, she so piteously entreated them with eager eyes and outspread hands: even Mrs Kesteven sat silently staring at her. 'It has all been explained. My uncle has had a letter from some one, which says that Alfred is not to be scolded. It was his mamma who was frightened at a plague, which killed a great many people in a place a long way off. It was just before he was born, and she'—

'Stop the child!' broke in the horrified Mrs Kesteven. 'What will she say next? Why, she might be fifty years old, instead of five! Do stop, child!'

Kate, her own blushing head drooping very low, put her hand restrainingly upon Cissy's shoulder. 'You must not say anything more: you have said too much already, Cissy, although you mean it very kindly. But you must let me kiss you now.'

'I will, if'—the little pouting lips were offered most prettily—if you will let me send it to Alfred in uncle's letter?'

Kate Kesteven drew back her head. 'I will kiss you some time when you are only thinking of yourself, Cissy. Good-bye. Here is Mary.'

'I do not want Mary. Our Martha is waiting for me in the square.'

'If you would kindly take this from me, I should know we were friends,' said Mr Tuffnel, who had rallied himself, holding out a silver coin between his thumb and finger.

'I do not wish to be friends with you, sir. It was a very big black dog Alfred drove away.' She had turned about as she spoke, but again facing him, she asked: 'Dared you burn your hand in the centre-lamp?'

'I should not like to do so,' said Mr Tuffnel.

Cissy clapped her hands. 'Alfred did so, to shew he was not afraid of pain. He is *not* a coward;' and she stamped with her foot, the tears now gushing down her cheeks. The passion was so genuine, that no one laughed this time.

Mary had advanced, at a signal from Mrs Kesteven, who wished to be rid at once of this astounding visitor. But Cissy insisted upon taking her departure with due ceremony. She kissed each of the ladies, and made the gentleman a very stiff courtesy; then she allowed her hand to be taken by Miss Ellen, and, properly preceded by Mary, left the room.

Miss Cissy, it appeared, had enabled herself to make this visit by partly bribing and partly terrifying a new servant-girl, who, during a temporary indisposition of the governess, took her out for her daily walk. This girl was waiting for her in the crescent, but at a little distance from the house, Cissy having insisted upon knocking at Mrs Kesteven's door herself, having kept her business quite secret from the girl. But no sooner did she get back home, than she carried out the rest of her intention, and made full confession to her aunt and uncle of what she had done. They were as much startled by the news of so astounding a step as were the occupants of the Kesteven drawing-room by Cissy's actual entry among them. Scolding, however, was not very available—at least not in the first instance, for the self-willed little personage was now in a state of hysterical excitement.

The mental and moral strain of having formed this plot, and kept it secret for more than a week, persisting in the face of the disappointment of her first visit to Mrs Kesteven's, was too much for a lady of five years old. She had to be put to bed, and to be soothed, and carefully watched and tended, to bring back her self-control.

'Dear me, John!' was the bewildered Aunt Betsy's exclamation. 'She must never be present at any of our talks again. Who could have thought of her understanding such things? I shall now be compelled to go to Mrs Kesteven's, and make what apologies I can.'

Mr Leydon, by way of answer, could only say that Cissy was a prodigy.

A few words will make things intelligible. Cissy had overheard talk between her uncle and aunt respecting a letter that had been received from a married sister of Alfred Deligne's father, to whom Miss Betsy had felt in duty bound to communicate the circumstances of the case. The sister had always kept up a close correspondence with her brother and his wife, and she had sent some old letters, throwing the singular light on Alfred's conduct, which Cissy had—parrot-like—repeated to Mrs Kesteven, thereby outraging that lady by what appeared to her to be a preternatural precocity of knowledge. Alfred Deligne, in a word, had inherited this fright of infection from his mother. In the Chinese port in which his parents lived, there broke out, just prior to his birth, one of those awful plagues which periodically sweep across those countries, causing a ghastly scene of terror; for an imperfect parallel to which in our own history we must go back to the time of the Sweating Sickness. The horrors which surrounded the mother in the interval before they could get away from the spot for a time, had left their impress on the child. None but Alfred himself knew how much suffering the penalty had caused him from his earliest recollections.

'He is a brave lad, instead of a coward, to have resisted it to the extent he has done,' was Dr Wilson's comment on hearing this news.

But it had come too late to be of avail in the one matter that touched Alfred most keenly of all: Kate Kesteven was engaged to young Tuffnel.

Mrs Kesteven forestalled Miss Betsy's intended visit to herself, by making a call, to ascertain that nothing further of an extraordinary kind had happened in the case of Cissy. The two ladies had a long confidential talk; but it necessarily left matters as it found them with respect to Alfred and Kate. Mrs Kesteven finally wound up her part in the conversation by saying: 'I am sure I am very sorry; and I sincerely hope that when Alfred has cured himself of such a singular state of mind, he may meet with a young lady who will make him a better wife than my poor Kate would have done. But no young man ought, I think, to marry so long as he is liable to such panics. If children come, there are measles, small-pox, even fevers, and I know not what.'

Alfred Deligne's love-prospects, it will be seen, were absolutely closed. He was still in the country, only slowly recovering his strength, for it is hard work reinvigorating the body when the mind is not at ease. He laboured long to reconcile himself to his hard fate, and shewed a firmness in trying to combat this inherited weakness, which more than merited the name of courage. After a

time he returned home. He kept out of the way of the Kestevens, applying himself closely to some studies. His uncle discovered that he read much in medical works, and he was further much surprised to find Alfred, by-and-by, insist upon accompanying him to the town hospital, when it was Mr Leydon's turn to be weekly visitor there. Gradually, as the result of what must have been nearly superhuman efforts, Alfred Deligne was overmastering his antipathy. And while he did it, his reward was half-concealed merriment among not a few of his circle, who knew what his doings meant. He was, in fact, nicknamed *the coward*; once or twice the terrible word reached his ear.

'Poor fellow! How will it end?' murmured his uncle, who closely watched him. 'It will kill him, unless in some way an opportunity offers for him to vindicate his courage; and I wish to Heaven it would, even at some risk!'

By-and-by, that prayer was granted.

CHAPTER IV.

It was getting towards the end of autumn. More than three months had elapsed since Alfred returned to his uncle's. During this time he had steadily pursued the design of conquering his hereditary weakness; often failing, but always rallying and persisting. By an incredible exercise of resolve, he at length so far succeeded that he stood without panic in the very fever-ward of the hospital, his uncle by his side, trembling more than he did. It was a real triumph of moral firmness, more deserving plaudits than many a display of vulgar courage for which men become famous. But another weakness he could not overcome: he was unable to bring himself to mix with general society. Cissy and he drew yet closer together; and his uncle and aunt had to make use of her influence over him to manage him in some respects. Mr Leydon, who had intently watched the whole process through which Alfred had gone, both admired and respected him for the qualities of character it had disclosed in him, and he did all he could to gain his full confidence. But there was the great difference of age, and also certain contrarieties of general sympathies, which were obstacles in the way of complete success. On the other hand, Aunt Betsy, after her full store of feminine pity had exhausted itself, without being of any practical avail, had not the faculty of rightly appreciating either her nephew's character or conduct. Women have to excess, rather than in deficiency, the kind of courage which Alfred Deligne lacked by birth, and could only acquire by industrious, systematic cultivation. No doubt, in her eyes, there was a weakness akin to silliness in his doings. At times she was harsh towards him, without being aware of it. Then a rumour got into circulation, and soon reached Alfred, that Kate Kesteven and Charles Tuffnel were to be married at the close of the year. The one only reward that could fittingly repay his struggles was finally shut out. He grew still more solitary in his ways; but his uncle greatly sacrificed his own confirmed habits in making himself, so far as it could at all be managed, his associate and companion.

At Mr Leydon's instigation, they, towards evening, one day quitted home, and passed together

through their side of the town, with a view to a walk in the country. Before getting fairly into the open, they had to cross the river. The long, narrow, many-arched old bridge was now a very popular lounging-place, for it was doomed to early removal: it was to be supplanted by a new, more commodious erection, some thirty or forty yards below it, the works for which had already made considerable progress. Groups of persons were now constantly clustered along the worn parapets of the old structure, idly watching the curiously complicated operations going on, which included pumping, diving, coffer-dam making, and other out-of-the-way labours, as well as ordinary mason-work. Perhaps it was not altogether without some connection with the unwonted presence of this little public to serve as spectators, that the river itself, of late, was unusually frequented by little craft—skiffs darting hither and thither, and white-sleeved oarsmen in slender boats displaying their skill and strength on the broad curve of the stream just above the old bridge. Below stream, the traffic was stopped, excepting in a narrow passage opposite one of the left-hand arches, the works in progress more or less blocking the rest of the course; and the constrained waters, which had a strong current there, raged fiercely among the timber-piles and partially built abutments of the new bridge. Mr Leydon and Alfred had nearly reached the spot, when there suddenly arose a commotion among the people lining the old bridge. Excited shouts were raised, arms were wildly tossed in the air; all instantly was uproar and alarm. Hurrying up, they found there was too much cause for this. A couple of single-manned small rowing-boats, by some negligence of one or both, had come into collision, and were already floating, bottom upwards, sideways down the stream towards the arches. Ripples from a little, splashing, moving, dark patch in the water shewed where one of the men, evidently a good swimmer, was struggling with all his might against the current for the side; the other dwarfed figure was clinging to the keel of his capsized boat, drifting slowly but surely towards one of the arches on the right, and his shrill cries for help could be heard in the gaps of the tumult. Several boats had started towards him, but they had stopped, afraid of the checked current at the bridge, and knowing they would be too late to reach him. Alfred and his uncle stood among the rest, transfixed with horror at this sudden spectacle of life in danger.

'He'll be knocked off in going through the arches!' was simultaneously shouted in a dozen voices.

'I can swim; but there is no chance,' despairingly cried a man who had instinctively climbed upon the bridge-wall, but who now stopped in the act of removing his coat. 'Anybody would have their ribs crushed by being dashed among the piles of the new bridge. He'll be drowned, sure enough!'

'Why,' shouted some one further on, 'it is young Tuffnel!—him as was to be married directly!' Others, with this clue, recognised the white face of the man clinging in an agony to the boat, now within twenty yards of the bridge.

Suddenly, the crowd clove in two. 'Stand clear!' was shouted in a voice like a trumpet, and Alfred Deligne made for the other parapet, on the

side where man and boat must emerge. A white-haired gentleman clung to him wildly. 'Loose me, uncle! I'll save him, if he marries Kate twice over! If you do not let me try, I shall never look up again.' The struggling ceased; Mr Leydon hesitatingly loosed his hold. A second later, Alfred, with face now bright and clear, every limb of his erect frame instinct with courage, stood on the parapet. 'I was no coward, tell them!'

Lightly throwing his coat into his uncle's shaking hands, he, with the same movement, brought his own palms together before his breast, and plunged from the bridge into the air, amid the breathless silence of those about him. He struck the white boiling water, and vanished in it, just as the fragments of the broken boat came whirling through the arch behind him. Charles Tuffnel was not to be seen. When the boat shivered against the abutment, he went down under the black torrent. It seemed an age before either pigmy form could again be distinguished. At last, Alfred's head emerged, and for a time he seemed to be tossed aimlessly about in the whirl of the eddies, remaining nearly in the same spot.

'He sees him!' went up in a hoarse roar from the bridge, as Alfred again disappeared, all but the black spot marking his head, and, partially relinquishing himself to the current, strove to cross it diagonally. Then he vanished wholly. But a minute or two later, he was seen much lower, hampered now in his movements by what seemed a little black-and-white bundle at his side. The people on the bridge fought together in their excitement, for the wooden piles and half-built granite piers of the new bridge, with their curling fringes of foam, were immediately in front of the swimmer. A scream went forth from every throat as the small struggling figures struck against them, and could be seen being tossed hither and thither by the waves. The workmen on the nearer portions of the new bridge were flinging ropes and throwing pieces of timber into the stream; while a little string of boats now poured swiftly through the open left-hand arch, and rowed down the current, in the vain hope of possibly picking up the drowning ones in the smoother water beyond, which would be out of sight of those on the old bridge. By-and-by, those who still remained there heard shouts floating to and fro in the air in that direction. The men on the new works got the tidings first, and at length the news reached those on the old bridge. The workmen shouted: 'The boats have got them!'

'Alive or dead?' hollowly gasped the white-haired old gentleman, clinging entreatingly to the parapet, a spare jacket trailing on his shoulder. Before the agonised whisper had well left his lips, a louder cry came from the new bridge: 'Fetch a doctor! They're hurt, but neither of 'em is dead yet!'

Mr Leydon, as the cheers of the excited crowd rang in his ears, relaxed his hold of the worn stone wall, and would have fallen upon the road but that he was timely caught by some one. He instantly was carefully attended to, for though there were none there who personally knew him, they were aware he was connected with the young gentleman who had done this brave feat.

What followed may be told shortly. Alfred and young Mr Tuffnel were carried to the ancient-looking inn that adjoined the old bridge. The

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lives of both hung in the balance for some time, but the efforts of the doctors, who were soon upon the spot, were finally successful in the case of each. Alfred was in the more serious condition; he was pronounced to have two ribs broken, owing, no doubt, to his being washed against the piles while actively struggling. Dr Wilson, getting intelligence of what had happened, quickly arrived, and he forbade Alfred's removal from the inn for some days to come. Young Tuffnel was able to be taken home the same night. Proud, weeping, smiling Aunt Betsy, who at once recovered her full powers of appreciation, now that Alfred had again acted in this straightforward, practical, intelligible manner, was very soon installed as nurse by her nephew's bedside. Mr Leydon also passed the greater part of his time at the inn. Thither naturally flocked many friends: the Tuffnells came, with prayerful thanks for Charles's life being saved, begging to be allowed to be of use in some way. Frequent messages of inquiry were sent from the Kestevens.

It need scarcely be said that Alfred Deligne had now fully vindicated himself from the stain of cowardice. He was the hero of the hour; the town rang with his praises. Those who were fully acquainted with all the circumstances, mingled a genuine respect with their admiration. It was whispered, that if he had stood aside, and Charles Tuffnel had not been saved, Kate Kesteven would have been at liberty again. His rescue of his successful rival shewed more than physical courage—it was an act of noble moral feeling. In his own way, Charles Tuffnel shewed that he felt it so. Some three days after, when Alfred had been removed to his own home at his uncle's, he appeared there, and was admitted into his rescuer's room.

'I am come to thank you, Alfred, for saving my life,' he said, with just a little restraint in his bluntness. 'It was wrong of me to be upon the river at all without being able to swim, for I might have been the cause of your being drowned as well as myself. Everybody says how brave it was of you. I shall always be very much obliged to you; and if I ever have the chance of risking myself to help you, you know I should do it; though it isn't likely I shall ever have the chance. You will have a visitor this afternoon, I daresay,' he went on, twirling his hat in his hands. 'It is all right. I have thought it well over. She always cared a great deal more for you than for me. I found that out clear enough in an angry talk we had the day your Cissy came to Mrs Kesteven's. Good-bye. You must let us be friends when it is all over.' Having made this long speech, he, in a shamefaced way, offered his hand to Alfred, and, forgetting to make any acknowledgment to either Aunt Betsy or Mr Leydon, hurried away, without even giving Alfred time for a word.

'He means Kate is coming!' exclaimed Aunt Betsy, by a sudden inspiration.

The increased pallor, and the trembling of poor weak Alfred, shewed how the possibility of such a prospect agitated him. It proved true. Kate, looking nearly as pale as Alfred himself, came knocking at Mr Leydon's door, asking if she could see Alfred. After the private talk they had, she was flushed more than enough with crimson, and her handsome eyes glittered from joy. As for Alfred, he mended with double rapidity from that hour.

'Cissy,' said Kate, 'you will let me kiss you now?'

'Yes, because now you will let me give it to Alfred,' was the precocious young maiden's answer.

Early in the following year, Alfred Deligne and Kate Kesteven were married, Cissy making the prettiest juvenile bridemaid that ever held a wedding bouquet.

'I hope he has quite broken himself of that most singular feeling,' rather nervously muttered Mrs Kesteven in Aunt Betsy's ear. 'It might be very awkward hereafter, in family matters. Though it is quite true no one will question his courage now.'

'I should think not!' was Aunt Betsy's triumphant reply.

DYNAMITE.

THE assertion that the more destructive war is made, the greater the tendency to shorten its duration, is perhaps not far from the truth. Nevertheless, one recognises with something of a feeling of horror that many of the terrible means in vogue for the slaughter of the human race have their origin in investigations undertaken by scientific men with the view of increasing the knowledge or ameliorating the condition of mankind in general. This is essentially the case with the substance whose name heads this article. Invented originally for the purpose of assisting the peaceful labours of the miner and the engineer, it is now employed as the explosive agent of the torpedoes which defend the rivers and harbours of Germany against the aggressions of the French fleet.

Every one knows what glycerine is—a clear, sirupy liquid, sweet to the taste, and somewhat greasy to the touch. Its scope of employment ranges from the surgeon's dispensary to the lady's boudoir. Chemists term it a triatomic alcohol, and it may be derived from fat or tallow by the action of lime and sulphuric acid. Its properties are many and various, but as they have no bearing upon the present subject, we shall abstain from noticing them. If a quantity of nitric acid be added to twice its weight of sulphuric acid, and glycerine be poured into this, and carefully stirred—the whole being surrounded by a freezing mixture—we obtain that wonderful substance known as nitro-glycerine, which has more than ten times the explosive force of gunpowder. It forms on the surface as an oily-looking liquid of a pale yellow colour, is perfectly inodorous, and has a sweet aromatic taste. It is poisonous, whether taken internally or absorbed through the skin, and small doses of it produce distressing headaches. Although practically insoluble in water, it dissolves readily in ether, alcohol, or wood-spirit.

Nitro-glycerine was discovered in the year 1847, by an Italian, named Asconge Sobero; but its practical application is entirely due to the researches of Alfred Nobel, a Swedish mining-engineer. It does not explode when brought into contact with fire, and remains unchanged even when raised to the temperature of boiling water; but at about forty degrees Fahrenheit, it becomes converted into an icy mass, which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities. This peculiarity

had been the cause of many lamentable accidents, when M. Nobel commenced a series of experiments with the view of rendering its employment comparatively safe. After some time, he found that mixing it with about ten per cent. of wood-spirit rendered it practically harmless, and this method is now generally adopted. When required for use, the wood-spirit can be removed, and all the properties of the nitro-glycerine restored by the simple addition of water, which, mixing with the spirit, sets free, as it were, the nitro-glycerine. The only drawback to this plan is, that when the nitro-glycerine is reconverted into its original state, it is of course quite as dangerous as ever.

To obviate this, M. Nobel has invented a new mixture, which he terms 'dynamite.' It consists of seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and twenty-five per cent. of very fine sand, and is a brownish-looking powder, something like sawdust, only greasy to the touch. It burns without explosion when placed in a fire, or brought into contact with a lighted match. If struck with a hammer on an anvil, the portion struck takes fire without inflaming the dynamite around it. As a proof of the perfect security with which it may be handled, we may mention that M. Nobel has placed a case containing about eight pounds of it (equal to nearly eighty pounds of ordinary powder) on a brisk fire, and that the dynamite was consumed without noise or shock; while a similar case was flung from a height of sixty-five feet on to a hard rock without producing the slightest explosion. A weight of over two hundred pounds was then let fall from a height of twenty feet upon a box of dynamite; the box was smashed, but again there was no explosion.

The usual method of firing dynamite is by means of a copper capsule containing fulminate of silver—the latter being inflamed either by the ordinary slow-match, or by the electric spark. The employment of this capsule and detonating composition is absolutely essential for the explosion of dynamite. In order to give some idea of the force developed by such an explosion, it may be mentioned that a spoonful of it placed upon a block of quartz, covered with bricks, and fired, caused the quartz to be broken up into pieces about the size of a pea, and reduced the bricks to powder. Like nitro-glycerine, dynamite congeals at a comparatively high temperature; but to restore it to its proper condition, it is only necessary to put it in a warm place, or, if it is contained in closed cartridges, to plunge it into warm water.

In mining operations, dynamite possesses many advantages over nitro-glycerine, besides those already mentioned. It has been usual, for instance, to pour the nitro-glycerine in a liquid state into the holes bored in the rock for its reception; and running from these into some unknown crevice, it has frequently, when fired, produced an explosion under the very feet of the miners, causing, of course, a disastrous loss of life. To obviate this, it has been necessary to employ cartridges which do not completely fill up the bore-holes, so that a portion of the explosive force is wasted. Dynamite, on the other hand, being of a pasty consistence, yields to the least pressure, and completely fills up the holes, so that a given weight of this substance is almost as effective as a given weight of nitro-glycerine, while at the same time it is safer even than gunpowder.

It remains to be seen whether the anticipated advantages will be derived from its employment as a munition of war.

BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—IN THE COURT-HOUSE.

It is proposed by some elevators of the public mind to make us all philosophers, and to abolish the morbid interest which mankind at present entertains in the issues of life and death. They hold it weakness that we should become excited by incident, or enthralled by mystery, and prophesy a future when intelligence shall reign supreme, to the extinction of the vulgar passion for sensation. In the meantime, however, the sympathetic hopes and fears of humanity remain pretty much as they have been within all living memory; and one of the greatest treats that can be provided for the popular palate is a criminal trial. There are many reasons why this should be the case; the courts of law are free, and a sight that can be seen for nothing is of itself attractive, since we are, at all events, not losing our time and money too. Again, the most popular drama, the most popular novel, are those to which the dénouements cannot easily be guessed; and in the court-house, we see drama and novel realised with the verdict of the jury and the sentence of the judge—a matter of anxious speculation to the very last. Where theatres and books are rare, the passion for such scenes is proportionally stronger, and perhaps there is no periodical event which so deeply stirs the agricultural interest—speaking socially, and not politically—as the advent of the Judges of Assize.

At Cross Key, at all events, there was nothing else talked of for weeks beforehand; and the case which above all others was canvassed, and pre-judged, and descanted upon over all sorts of boards—from the mahogany one in the dining-room at Cross Key Park to the deal tripod which held the pots and pipes at the roadside beerhouse—was that of Richard Yorke, the young gentleman-painter, who had run away with old John Trevethick of Gethin's hoarded store. The rumour had got abroad that he had almost run away with his daughter also, and this intensified the interest immensely. The whole female population, from the High-Sheriff's wife down to the woman who kept the apple-stall in the market-place, was agog to see this handsome young Lothario, and especially to hear the evidence of his (clandestinely) betrothed, who was known to have been subpoenaed for the defence.

There were innumerable biographies of the prisoner to be had for nothing. He was a nobleman in disguise: he was the illegitimate son of the prime-minister: he was indirectly but immediately connected with royalty itself: he could speak every European language (except Polish), and painted landscapes like an angel: he had four thousand a year in land, only waiting for him to come of age, which carried with it half the representation of a Whig borough: he had not a penny in the world, but had hitherto supported himself in luxury by skilful forgeries: young as he was,

he was a married man, and had a wife (three times his age) alive. All these particulars were insisted upon and denied forty times a day. The least scraps of trustworthy intelligence concerning him were greedily devoured. The turnpike-man who had opened gate to let him through on the night he came to the jail was cross-examined as to his appearance and demeanour. The rural policeman of the district (who had never had a chance of seeing him) was treated to pots of ale, and suddenly found himself the best of company. The *Castle at Gethin* was thronged by local tourists, who, under pretence of being attracted by the scenery, came to stare at Harry, and having seen her, returned to Cross Key with marvellous stories of her charms. As the time drew on, the applications for admittance to the court-house made the life of the under-sheriff a burden, and caused the hearts of his subordinates (who got the half-crowns) to sing for joy.

The unhappy Richard was wholly ignorant of all this excitement. When he pictured the court-house to himself, as he often did, he only beheld a crowd of indifferent persons, who would pay no more attention to his own case than to that of Balfour, or any other that might follow or precede it. He saw himself taken out in custody, and carried in some conveyance, such as he had arrived in, through the gaping street; but the idea of that ordeal gave him no uneasiness. Those who saw him would forget him the next moment, or confuse him with some other in the same wretched plight. His mind always reverted from such reflections, as comparatively trivial, to the issue of the trial itself. Indeed, that thought might be said to be constant, though others intruded on it occasionally without obscuring it, like light clouds that cross the moon. As to the details of the scene of which he was about to be so prominent an actor, he knew nothing; for the warders never opened their lips to him, except officially, and Mr Balfour had never happened to come to grief in the course of his professional practice in that particular locality before.

But the fact was that the jail of Cross Key, though situated in so out-of-the-way a spot, was a model establishment in its way, and built upon the very highest principles of architecture, as connected with the administration of the criminal law. No prisoner was ever taken out of it for trial at all, but was conducted by an underground passage into the court-house itself; indeed, into the very heart of it, for a flight of steps, with a trap-door at the top, led straight into the dock, in which he made his appearance like a Jack-in-the-box, but much more to his own astonishment than to that of the spectators.

Imagine the unhappy Richard thus confronted, wholly unexpectedly, with a thousand eager eyes! They devoured him on the right hand and on the left, before him and behind him; they looked down upon him from the galleries above with a hunger that was increased by distance. Even the barristers in the space between him and the judge turned round to gaze at him; and the judge himself adjusted his spectacles upon his nose, to regard him with a searching look. Not a sound was to be heard except the monotonous voice of the clerk reading the indictment; it was plain that every one of that vast concourse knew him, and needed not that his neighbour should whisper, 'That is he.' Was his mother there? thought Richard, and above

all, Was Harry there? He looked round once upon that peering throng; but he could catch sight of neither. The former, with a thick veil over her features, was indeed watching him from a corner of the court; but the only face he recognised was that of his attorney, seated immediately behind a man with a wig, whom he rightly concluded to be Mr Serjeant Balais.

There was a sudden silence, following upon the question: 'How say you, Richard Yorke, are you guilty of this felony, or not guilty?' The turnkey by the prisoner's side muttered harshly behind his hand: 'They have called on you to plead.'

'Not guilty,' answered Richard in a loud firm voice, and fixing his eyes upon the judge.

A murmur of satisfaction ran softly through the court-house: his hesitation had alarmed the curious folks; they were afraid that he might have pleaded 'Guilty,' and robbed them of their treat. Not a few of them, and perhaps all the women, were also pleased upon his own account. He was so young and handsome, that they could not choose but wish him well, and out of his peril.

Then Mr Smoothbore rose, and was some time about it: he was six feet four inches high, and it seemed as though you would never see the last of him. ('O Jerryusalem, upon wheels!') was the remark that Mr Robert Balfour muttered to himself when some hours afterwards he found himself confronted by the same gigantic counsel, instructed specially by the crown to prosecute so notorious a marauder.) The twelve men in the box opposite at once became all ear. Some leaned forward, as though to anticipate by the millionth of a second the silvery accents of Mr Smoothbore; others leaned back with head aside, as though to concentrate their intelligence upon them; and the foreman held his head with both his hands, as though that portion of his person was not wholly under control, but might make some erratic twist, and thereby lose him some pregnant sentence. These honest men did not know Mr Smoothbore, and thought (for the first five minutes) that they could sit and listen to him for ever; before they had done with him, they began to think that they should have to do it.

Far be it from us to emulate the prolixity with which the learned counsel set forth his case; it must be conceded that he did not hang over it; his words ran as smoothly as oil, and with perfect distinctness, and if anybody missed his meaning, it was not for want of its being sufficiently expressed. To a listener of average ability, however, he became insupportable by repetition, which is, unhappily, not exclusively 'the vice of the pulpit.' We will take care to avoid his error. It will be sufficient to say that when he had finished, Richard stood accused not only of having stolen two thousand pounds from John Trevethick, but of having compassed that crime under circumstances of peculiar baseness. He had taken advantage of his superior education, manners, and appearance, to impose himself upon the honest Cornishman as the legitimate son of his landlord, and secured within that humble home a footing of familiarity, only the better to compass a scheme of villainy, which must have occurred to him at a very early period of their acquaintance. Indeed, Mr Smoothbore hinted that the prisoner's profession of landscape-painting was a mere pretence and pretext, and that it was more than probable that having heard by

some means of Trevethick's hoard, he had come down to Gethin with the express intention of becoming possessed of it, which his accidental discovery of the secret of the letter padlock enabled him to do. In short, by artful innuendo at this or that part of the story, Richard was painted as a common thief, whose possession of such faculties as dexterity and *finesse* only made him a more dangerous enemy of society. There had been rumours, Mr Smoothbore admitted, of certain romantic circumstances connected with the case, but he was instructed to say that they were wholly baseless, and that the matter which the jury would have to decide upon was simply an impudent and audacious robbery, committed in a manner that he might stigmatise as being quite exceptionally void of extenuation.

The speech for the prosecution immensely disappointed the general public, already half-convinced, in spite of themselves, by Mr Smoothbore's impassioned clearness and straightforward simplicity, while it pleased the jury, who were glad to hear that the matter in hand was, after all, an ordinary one, which would necessitate no deprivation of victuals, nor absence of fire and candle. The witnesses for the prosecution appeared, as usual, in an order in inverse ratio to the interest and importance of their respective testimonies: the clerk of the Miners' Bank into whose hands the notes had been paid; policemen, Mr Dudge, and others; who only repeated what we already know. Even the appearance of Solomon Coe was marked by nothing especial, save to the eyes of the accused. In the triumphant bearing of this witness, and in the malignant glance which he shot towards him, ere he began his tale, Richard read that the charge against him was to be pushed to the bitter end. It was in this man's power, more than in any other's (save one), to extenuate or to put down in malice; and there was no doubt in his rival's mind (though his rancour took so blunt a form that it might well have been mistaken by others for outspoken candour) which of the two courses Solomon had chosen. He shewed neither scruple nor hesitation; every word was distinct and decisive, and on one occasion (though the repetition of it was forbidden by the judge) even accompanied by a blow with his sledge-hammer fist in the way of corroboration. It seemed that the story he had to tell was, after all, a very plain one.

When John Trevethick, who was the last witness examined for the prosecution, strode into the box, this feeling was intensified. His giant frame and massive features seemed, somehow, to associate themselves with a plain story; and his evidence was as much in consonance with his counsel's speech as evidence could be with pleading.

But when he had quite done with his unvarnished tale, and when Mr Smoothbore had given him a parting nod in sign that he had done with him, Serjeant Balais rose, for the first time, with an uplifted finger, as though, but for that signal of delay, the honest landlord would have fled incontinently, and hanged himself, like another Judas.

'You have a daughter, I believe, Mr Trevethick?' and the Serjeant looked at the jury with elevated eyebrows, as though he would have said: 'If we can get even that admission out of this hoary miscreant, we may consider ourselves fortunate.'

And indeed John Trevethick did hesitate for one instant ere he replied: he had not even looked at

the prisoner before, but at that question he gave an involuntary glance towards him, and met Richard's answering look. When two men are fighting, each with his hands upon the throat of the other, not for dear life, but for the longed-for death of his foe, it is possible that in their faces some such inextinguishable lurid fire of hatred may be seen burning, as then flashed from witness-box to dock, from dock to witness-box; but scarcely under any other circumstances could such a look of deadly malice be exchanged between man and man. It passed, however, in an instant, like the electric fire, and was gone, leaving no trace behind it.

'I have a daughter,' replied Trevethick; and as he spoke, his face, though somewhat pale, became as blank, and hard, and meaningless as a wall of stone.

'This man is about to perjure himself,' thought the experienced Mr Balais; and he looked around him with the air of one who was convinced of the fact.

'The prisoner at the bar was, I believe, your daughter's lover, was he not?'

'Not that I knew of.'

'Not that you know of?' repeated Mr Balais.

'Will you venture to repeat that?'

'The witness said *knew*,' interposed the judge demurely, and ordered a skylight to be closed, the draught from which inconvenienced him. Everybody looked at the officer of the court, who pulled the string and shut the skylight, as though it had been the most ingenious contrivance known to man. Not that it was a relief to them to do so, but from that inexplicable motive which prompts us all to observe trivial circumstances with which they have nothing whatever to do, on any occasion of engrossing interest. Even Richard regarded this little process of ventilation with considerable concern, and wondered whether the judge would feel himself better after it.

'Oh, you didn't know of this attachment between the prisoner and your daughter at the time it was going on under your roof; but you knew of it, afterwards, did you? You read of it in the papers, I suppose, eh?'

'I heard of it, after the robbery was discovered, from my daughter herself.'

'And upon your oath, you did not know of it before then?'

'I did not.'

'Nor suspect it even, perhaps?'

'Nor even suspect it.'

Mr Balais smiled, shrugged his shoulders. His principles of oratory were Demosthenean; his motto was 'Action, action, action.' His friends on circuit called him the Balais of action. He had had some experience of the depravity of human nature, said the shrug; but this beat everything, and would be really amusing but for its atrocious infamy. Good Heavens!

'Then you never had any conversation with the prisoner with reference to your daughter, at all?'

'Never.'

Mr Balais bent down and interchanged a word or two with Mr Weasel behind him.

'Now, be so good as to give me your best attention, Mr Trevethick, for upon my next question more may depend than you may be aware of. If you have any regard for your own interests, you will answer it truly; for as sure as'

'Is this necessary, Brother Balais?' interrupted

the judge, scratching his forehead with his forefinger, and looking up at the skylight, as though that matter was not satisfactorily settled even yet.

'My lud, I am instructed that nothing less than a conspiracy has been entered into against my unfortunate client.'

The judge nodded slightly, shivered considerably, and made a mental note to complain of that infernal draught before he should dismiss the grand-jury.

'I ask you, Mr Trevethick,' continued the counsel solemnly, 'whether or not, in a conversation which you held with the prisoner upon a certain day last month, you mentioned two thousand pounds as the sum you must needs see in his possession before you could listen to any proposition of his with respect to your daughter's hand?'

'I did not.'

'You never spoke of that particular sum to him at all?'

'Never at all.'

It was Mr Balais who looked up at the skylight this time—as though he expected a thunderbolt.

'The notes, of which we have heard so much, as being hoarded in this ingenious box of yours—and that you are a very ingenious man, Mr Trevethick, there is no doubt—this box was kept in a certain cupboard, was it not?'

'It was.'

'And now, please to look at the jury when you answer me this question. Where was this particular cupboard situated, Mr Trevethick?'

Into the landlord's impassive face there stole for the first time a look of disquiet, and his harsh, monotonous voice grew tremulous as he replied: 'The cupboard was in my daughter's bedroom.'

'That will do, Mr Trevethick, *for the present*,' observed Mr Balais with emphasis; 'though I shall probably have the opportunity of seeing you another time'—and he glanced significantly towards the dock—'in another place.'

CHAPTER XXX.—FOR THE DEFENCE.

When Mr Balais rose again, it was to speak for the defence, and he addressed the jury amid an unbroken silence. So rapt, indeed, was the attention of his audience, that the smack of a carter's whip, as he went by in the street below, was resented by many a frown, as an impertinent intrusion; and even the quarters of the church clock were listened to with impatience, lest its iron tongue should drown a single sentence. This latter interruption did not, however, often take place, for Mr Balais was as brief in speech as he was energetic in action. He began by at once allowing the main facts which the prosecution had proved—that the notes had been taken from Trevethick's box, and found in the prisoner's possession, who had been detected in the very act of endeavouring to change them for notes of another banking company. But what he maintained was, that this exchange was not, as Mr Smoothbore had suggested, effected for the purpose of realising the money, but simply of throwing dust in the prosecutor's eyes. He had changed the notes only with the intention of returning his own money to Trevethick under another form. Even so young a man, and one so thoroughly ignorant of the ways of the world and of business matters, as was his client, must surely have been aware, if using the

money for himself had been his object, that it could be traced in notes of the Mining Company as easily as in notes of the Bank of England; nay, by this very proceeding of his, he had even given them a *double* chance of being traced. He (Mr Balais) was not there, of course, to justify the conduct of the prisoner at the bar. It was unjustifiable—it was reprehensible in a very high degree; but what he did maintain was, that, even taking for granted all that had been put in evidence, this young man's conduct was not criminal; it was not that of a thief. He had never had the least intention of stealing this money; his scheme had been merely a stratagem to obtain the object of his affections for his wife. This Trevethick was a hard and grasping man, and it was necessary for the young fellow to satisfy him that he was possessed of certain property, before he would listen to any proposition for his daughter's hand. His idea—a wrong and foolish one, indeed, but then look at his youth and inexperience—was to impose upon this old miser, by shewing him his own money in another form, and then, when he had gained his object, to return it to him. Mr Balais was confident that when the jury looked at the facts dispassionately, they would come to this conclusion. Let them turn their eyes on the unhappy prisoner in the dock, and judge for themselves whether he looked like the mere felon which his learned friend had painted him, or the romantic self-deceiving thoughtless lad, such as he (Mr Balais) felt convinced he was. They had all heard of the proverb that all things were fair in love as in war. When the jury had been young themselves, perhaps some of them had acted upon that theory; at all events, it was not an unnatural idea for young people to act upon. Proverbs had always a certain weight and authority of their own. They were not necessarily Holy Writ (Mr Balais was not quite certain whether the proverb in question was one of Solomon's own or not, so he put it in this cautious manner), but they smacked of it. This Richard Yorke, perhaps, had thought it no great harm to win his love by a false representation of the state of his finances. He could not see his way how otherwise to melt the stony heart of this Boniface, who had doubtless—notwithstanding the evidence they had heard from him that day—encouraged the young man's addresses so long as he believed him to be Mr Carew's lawful heir. The whole question, in fact, resolved itself into one of *motive*; and if there was not a word of evidence forthcoming upon the prisoner's part, he (Mr Balais) would have left the case in the jury's hands, with the confident conviction that they would never impute to that unhappy boy—who had already suffered such tortures of mind and body as were more than a sufficient punishment for his offence—the deliberate and shameful crime of which he stood accused. He had lost his position in the world already; he had lost his sweet heart, for they had all heard that day that she was about to be driven into wedlock with his rival, a man twice his age and hers; he had lost the protection of his father—his own flesh and blood—for since this miserable occurrence he had chosen to disown him; and yet here was the prosecutor, who had lost nothing (except his own self-respect, and the respect of all who had listened to his audacious testimony that morning), pressing for a conviction—for more punishment; in a word, for

the gratification of a mean revenge. If he (Mr Balais) had nothing more, therefore, to urge in his client's defence, he would have been content to leave the jury to deal with this case—Englishmen, who detested oppression, and loved that justice only which is tempered with mercy. But as it so happened, there was no need thus to leave it; no necessity to appeal to mercy at all. He had only to ask them for the barest justice. He was happily in a position to prove that the prisoner at the bar had no more stolen this two thousand pounds than their own upright and sagacious foreman.

A sigh of relief was uttered from a hundred gentle breasts. 'We are coming to something at last,' it seemed to say. A hundred fair faces looked at Mr Balais—who was growing gray and wrinkled, and found every new performance of his pantomime harder and harder—as though they could have kissed him, nevertheless. 'Yes, gentlemen of the jury, that money was given to him by the prosecutor's daughter with her own hand.'

A murmur of satisfaction ran round the court-house.

There was a romance—a love-story—in the case, then, after all.

Mr Balais wound up a very vehement speech with a peroration of great brilliancy, in which Richard and Harry were exhibited like a transparency in the bright colours of Youth, and Hope, and Passion; and finally sat down amid what would have been a burst of applause, but for the harsh voice of the usher nipping it in the bud, by proclaiming 'Silence.'

There was no need for his doing that, when Mr Balais jumped to his feet again, as though he were on springs, and called for Harry Trevethick. The judge was taking snuff at the time; and such was the stillness, that you could hear the overplus falling on the paper before him on which he wrote down his notes. There was a minute's delay, during which every eye was fixed upon the witness-box, and then Harry appeared. She was very pale, and wore a look of anxious timidity; but a bright spot came into her cheeks, as she turned her face to the prisoner in the dock, and smiled upon him. From that moment, Richard felt that he was safe. Guarded as he was, and still in peril, he forgot his danger, and once more resolved that he would cleave to this tender creature, to whom he was about to owe his safety, to his life's end.

Harry was simply yet attractively attired in a pale violet silk dress, with a straw bonnet trimmed with the same modest colour. It was observed, with reference to this and to the innocence and gentleness of her expression, that she looked like a dove; and a dove she seemed to Richard, bringing him the signal that the flood was abating, the deep waters of which had so nearly overwhelmed both soul and body. Even the judge, as Mr Weasel had foretold, regarded her through his double glasses with critical approval; for a most excellent judge he was—of female attractions.

Mr Balais smiled triumphantly at the jury. 'Did not I tell you,' he seemed to say, 'that my client is guiltless in this matter! Here is Truth herself come to witness in his favour. Bless her! Richard's feverish eyes were fixed upon her; he knew no God, but here was his spring in the wilderness, his shadow of the great rock in a weary land. As for her, she looked only at the judge,

expecting—poor little ignoramus—that it was he who would question her.

'You are the daughter of John Trevethick of Gethin?' said Mr Balais.

This interrogatory, simple as it was, made her colour rise, coming from that unexpected quarter.

'Yes, sir.'

'He keeps an inn, does he not; the'—here Mr Balais affected to consult his brief, to give her time to recover herself from her modest confusion—'the *Gethin Castle*, I believe?'

'Yes, sir.'

'The prisoner at the bar has been staying there for some months, has he not?'

She stole another look at Richard: it spoke as plainly as looks could speak: 'O yes; that is how I came to know and love him.' But she only murmured: 'Yes, sir.'

'Speak up, Miss Trevethick,' said the counsel encouragingly; 'these twelve gentlemen are all very anxious to hear what you have to say.' The judge nodded and smiled, as though in corroboration, as well as to add, upon his own account, that it would give him also much pleasure to hear her.

'Was the prisoner staying in the inn as an ordinary guest, or did he mix with the family?'

'He was in the bar parlour, most nights, sir, along with father, and me, and Solomon.'

'He was in the bar parlour most nights'—repeated Mr Balais significantly, for he was anxious that the jury should catch that answer—'with your father, yourself, and Mr Coe. And who introduced him into the parlour?'

'Father brought him first, sir, on the second day after he came to Gethin.'

'Father brought him in, did he? Now, that is rather an unusual thing for the landlord of an inn to do, is it not? To introduce a young man whom he had known but twenty-four hours to his family circle, and to the society of his daughter, eh?'

'Please, sir, I don't know, sir.'

'No, of course, you don't, Miss Trevethick; how should you? But I think the jury know. You have no idea, then, yourself, why your father introduced this young gentleman to you so early?'

'Father said he was a friend of Mr Carew's of Crompton, who is father's landlord.'

'Just so,' said Mr Balais, with another significant glance at the attentive twelve. "'Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly; "I have the prettiest daughter that ever you did spy."'

Everybody tittered at this, except Mr Smoothbore and his solicitor; even the judge blew his nose.

'Now, not only did the prisoner at the bar spend his evenings in the bar parlour, but he spent most days there, or, at all events, in your society, did he not?'

'Father and Solomon were away most days, sir, and so we were left a good deal together.'

'Just so. Your father took care to be away most days, did he, knowing that you would thus be left alone with the prisoner?'

Mr Smoothbore started to his feet. 'My lud, I submit,' &c.; meaning that this was a mode of interrogating the witness that he could not submit to for an instant.

'Very good,' said Mr Balais, smiling. 'I will not put the question in that form, then. The form is of very little consequence. You were left

together, however, and the consequence was that you two young people fell in love with one another, eh ?

Harry was crimson. 'I—he—we ;' and there she stuck.

'I am very sorry to embarrass you, Miss Trevethick, but I am necessitated to press this question. Did you fall in love with one another, or not ?

No answer. Harry was thinking of Solomon, to whom she was to be married within ten days, and hung her head.

'Come, did he fall in love with *you*, then ? There was ample apology for it, I am sure, and he ought to have been ashamed of himself if he hadn't. In a word, did he "court" you ? I think you must know what that means.'

No answer. Every eye was upon her, the judge's double glasses included. They might have been burning-glasses, she felt so hot and frightened.

'Come, did this young gentleman ever give you a kiss ?

'Yes, sir,' murmured poor Harry almost under her breath.

'Did you say "Yes," or "No"?' inquired the judge, dipping his pen in the ink.

'I said "Yes," my lord,' said the unhappy Harry.

'There were more kisses than one, now, I dare say,' said Mr Balais with another significant glance at the jury; 'and they were not all on one side, eh ?

No answer.

'Some of them were on the other side, were they not ? I don't mean on the other cheek, for I have no doubt he was perfectly indifferent as to that.'

Again, there was a little titter.

'She is your own witness, Brother Balais,' observed his lordship, 'but it seems to me you are giving her unnecessary pain.'

He had a very tender heart, had the old judge, where a young and pretty woman was concerned—otherwise, he was a tartar.

'My lud, it is absolutely necessary to prove that my client's passion was reciprocated.—Did you ever return one of these many kisses, Miss Trevethick ?

'Yes, sir.'

'Did you ever meet him alone at night, in a place, I believe, called the Fairies' Bower ?

'Yes, sir.'

'Yes,' repeated Mr Balais, recapitulating these facts upon his fingers; 'you were left alone with him all day—you met him alone at night, away from your father's roof—you returned his kisses; and all this without the slightest suspicion—if we are to believe his evidence—being aroused upon the part of your parent. Now, Miss Trevethick, you were aware that your father kept a large sum of money—these two thousand pounds—in his strong-box, were you not ?

'I was, sir.'

'Did you ever speak to the prisoner at the bar about it ?

'I think—yes, I did, sir, on one occasion,' and here Harry's voice fluttered and faltered. No one noticed it, however, except the prisoner; if any neighbour eyes had watched him narrowly—but they were all fixed upon the witness—they would have seen his face whiten, and his brow grow damp. Why should she have laid that stress upon 'on one occasion ?

'You told him that the two thousand pounds were in the box in the cupboard, in your bedroom ?

'I did, sir.'

'The fastening of the box was not an ordinary lock, I believe. It was what is called a letter padlock ?

'Yes, sir.'

'Did you ever open it ?

'No, sir.'

A great bell seemed to be suddenly set tolling in Richard's brain—it was the knell of all his hopes.

'You had never opened it at that time, eh ?' continued Mr Balais cheerfully. 'But you learned the secret afterwards ?

'I—yes—I did.'

'Do you remember the letters that did open it ?

'Yes, sir.'

'What were they ?

'B, N, Z.'

'Very good. We have heard from the counsel for the prosecution that they were so; and that Mr Trevethick kept a memorandum of them on a piece of paper that fitted into his watch-case. Did he always carry that watch about with him ?

'Not always. When he went out to market, and was likely to be late, he sometimes left it at home.'

'In his own room, I suppose, where you, or anybody else, could get at it ?

'I suppose so, sir.'

'You *suppose* ? You know he did, do you not ? Did you not open the watch-case yourself, and so discover the means of unlocking the box ?

'No, sir,' said Harry faintly; and once more she turned her eyes to Richard. It was a true and tender glance, one would have said, and accompanied by an attempt at a smile of encouragement. But if it had been a glance of a gorgon, it could not have had a more appalling effect; it literally seemed to turn him into stone.

'Recollect yourself, Miss Trevethick,' said Mr Balais earnestly: 'you are getting confused, I fear. Now, please to give me your attention. You say that you knew that the letters B, N, Z were those which formed the key of the letter padlock, and yet that you did not open your father's watch-case. How, then, did you become possessed of the secret ?

No answer. Harry caught her breath convulsively, and turned deadly pale. She could never tell how Mrs Yorke had endeavoured to suborn her.

'Well, well, this is a matter of very little consequence—though I see my learned friend is taking a copious note of it,' said Mr Balais gaily. 'The main point is what, as you have told us, did occur—that you found out the secret somehow. When you got it, I suppose you opened the box ?

No answer, save from Mr Smoothbore, who observed tartly: 'You have no right to assume that, Serjeant.'

'Let the young woman have a glass of water,' suggested the kindly judge.

'My lord, my lord,' cried Harry with sudden passion, 'he is not guilty. Richard did not mean to steal the money; indeed, he did not. He only wished to get possession of it, that my father might believe him to be a man of wealth. He did but'—

'Endeavour to compose yourself, young woman,'

interposed the judge. 'The learned counsel will only ask what is necessary.'

'Take your time, Miss Trevethick, take your time,' pursued Mr Balais in his blandest tones. 'The question is, how the prisoner became possessed of this money. Now, tell us; did you not give it him with your own hands?'

The bell was still tolling in Richard's brain, and yet he could hear the buzzing of a fly against a window of the court-house, and the careless whistle of some lad in the street without. It was the same tune that the keeper at Crompton had been wont to whistle in his leisure moments at home; and his mind reverted with a flash to the glades of the stately park, the herds of deer, the high mossed gate, which he had shut in the face of the hounds when they were chasing Carew's carriage. Was it the bang of the gate, or had Harry really answered in a firm voice, that resounded through the silent court-house: 'No, sir?'

'What!' said Mr Balais, raising his voice a little. 'Do you mean to say, then—and recollect that the fate of the prisoner at the bar may depend upon your reply to this question—that Richard Yorke did not become possessed of these notes by your connivance, through your means, at all?'

'No, sir, no,' answered Harry passionately; 'I can't say that; indeed, sir, I cannot. But he is innocent—Richard is innocent—he never meant to steal them. O God, help me!' In her excitement, and not because she wished to do so, she had turned about, and once more caught sight of the prisoner at the bar. It was her turn now to shrink appalled and petrified. It was not reproach that she saw pictured in that well-loved face, but downright hate and loathing. 'He will never, never forgive me!' cried she with a piteous wail: and then scream followed scream, and she was borne out in haste, and a doctor sent for.

Cross-examination was, of course, quite out of the question; and, indeed, Mr Smoothbore was much too sagacious a man to wish to exercise that privilege. The failure of the witness for the defence had proved the case of the prosecution.

It was Mr Smoothbore who could now best afford to praise the innocence and candour of the unhappy Harry. Was it not evident that that tender creature had been tampered with, and almost persuaded to perjure herself, for the sake of the prisoner at the bar—almost, but happily for the ends of justice, not quite persuaded! Her natural love of right had conquered the ignoble passion with which she had been inspired by this unscrupulous man. What words could sufficiently paint the baseness of the conduct of the accused! Was it not clear that he had endeavoured to escape scot free, at the sacrifice of this poor girl's good name! *She*, forsooth, was to proclaim herself thief, to save his worthless self! It was not for Mr Smoothbore—Heaven forbid!—to exaggerate such wickedness, but was it possible that the phrase, 'Young in years, but old in vice,' had ever had a more appropriate application than in the present case! For the credit of human nature, he trusted not. The point upon which his learned friend had mainly relied having been thus proved wholly untenable—the fact of Richard's taking the money having been incontestably brought home to him—it only remained for him (Mr Smoothbore) to notice what had been said with respect to motive. If the

prisoner at the bar had even had the intention, which had been so gratuitously imputed to him, of returning this money to the prosecutor, when once the object of his supposed scheme had been effected, he would be no less guilty of the crime that was laid to his charge. It was possible, indeed, in such a case, that there might be extenuating circumstances, but those would not affect the verdict of the jury, however they might influence his lordship's sentence after that verdict had been truly given. And this he would say, after what had just occurred in that court—after the painful scene they had just witnessed—the breaking down of that innocent girl in an act of self-sacrifice, culpable in itself, but infinitely more culpable in him who had incited her to it—for he could not for an instant suppose that the prisoner's legal advisers could have suggested such a line of defence: taking all this into consideration, he, Mr Smoothbore, would confidently ask the jury whether the prisoner at the bar was to be credited with merely a romantic stratagem, or with a crime, the heinousness of which was only exceeded by the means by which he had striven to exculpate himself from it, and to evade the just retribution of the law.

When Mr Smoothbore had thus concluded a lengthened and impassioned harangue, he sat down wiping his hands upon his handkerchief, as though implying that he had washed them of the prisoner for good and all, and that a very dirty job it had been; while the judge rose and left the court, it being the hour appointed to his system, by nature, for the reception of lunch.

TWILIGHT.

Now, as the amber west mists into gray,
While yet the stern and starry Night is young,
How the last linnet's wild impromptu lay
Rings o'er the fields sweet as a studied song!
Far sheep-bells, too, a tuneful tinkling keep,
Whose tiny timeless clappers, never still,
Bob in amongst the daisies, as the sheep
Go grazing hillward at their own sweet will.
Eve's earliest star hangs underneath the moon,
And seems a tear the sad-eyed Queen hath shed
In her divine travail. The night-mists spread
O'er the gray flats anon; and Silence soon
Prevails once more in her primeval home,
Roofed by the starry night's stupendous dome.

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